

Will of the Heart

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Summary: I watched two beautiful animes, and was left spellbound.

There was only one thought on my mind, and that was writing about it.

I thought... WHY NOT! Let's cross over these two beautiful stories! I hope that you all enjoy my story! :)

1. Chapter 1

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1

Dew, Sheep, and Tea

As the sun started to rise it illuminated the dew on the grass, as if to give a little bit of its warmth to each drop. The light started flooding in like an ocean, but this was no ordinary ocean. This ocean was trying to wake me up from a dream I was having. I didn't want to wake up because it was a dream I scryed by myself. I never knew why, or how, but whenever I scryed a dream or tried to "look ahead" I somehow had a feeling that it was going to happen and when it did, it felt like *deja vu*. I wonder what this illusion isâ€¦ It probably has something to do with my tendency to daydreamâ€¦ I have heard of the ancient legends about magic, and mystical creatures that live in an alternate dimension or as we call it "The Realm of Magic". Shuffling out of bed I washed up, changed into my work clothes and headed out to tend to the sheep.

The sheep were especially loud this morning, they just wouldn't stop moaning or moving around. Something was bothering them. There was a fluttering sound among the leaves of one of our trees. It was there for an instant. This small white spark replaced the sound. Maybe it was sheep fuzzâ€¦ It is morning and I shouldn't go off thinking strange things. I picked up my satchel filled with feed and felt the

embroidery work on itâ€¦ The letters: C, H, E, Z, and A were embroidered tightly on it. It was so worn out from constant use that the thread was getting frayed; I hugged it tightly against my chest. My mother made this satchel for me when I was learning how to talk, but I can't seem to remember her faceâ€¦ The fluttering was becoming more apparent as the hours staggered by until I saw a familiar face draw closerâ€¦

"Cheza! I just heard some wonderful news down in the market," yelled Adi.

"By good do you mean something that we would enjoy?" I asked.

Adi chuckled, and then replied, "Don't you have any faith in me?"

"Adi, tell me all about it!" I laughed.

As we talked we started meandering off topic and reminiscing about our childhood. Adi is my best friend. She was always there for me whenever I was lonely. When mother died, and everything crumbled, I met her. When the sun was right above our heads I bid her farewell and sent the sheep back into their pens. It was time to head down to the market place.

People were huddling around shops and stalls like bees buzzing around honey. The heat was excruciating so I stopped by Miki's Tavern to get something cool to drink. I was in luck! The new shipment of lemons and ginger were in today! Whenever Miki had lemons and ginger she brewed cool ginger tea. This tea cures any ailment in a quick sip. I was dying for a cold glass. It was as if the heat was burning a hole through the top of my head and continuing its journey, splitting me in half.

2. Chapter 2

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2

Black World, Familiar Man, and Weakness

My throat was a barren desert. The world I revered was turning blackâ€¦

Chezaâ€¦

What is this? Someone is calling meâ€¦ I hear my name, but this voiceâ€¦ Who could be calling me? More than the sun, this pierced a hole through my unconscious. Through the cracks in my eyes, I saw him. His jet black hair was a void in contrast to the sun's flame emblazing his being. Those eyes held a knowing gaze: One which could melt, or pierce in an instantaneous moment. I knew, for some reason, that he has always looked upon me with a melting glance. Waitâ€¦ What's with the always looked upon me? Did I know him?

"Are you Cheza?" The mysterious youth questioned.

"Yes, how do you know my name?" I asked lazily.

"Drink this." He commanded gently.

This familiar tasteâ€¦ Miki's tea! The heavenly concoction found its way to the desert and relinquished it of its dry spell. My eyes closed with ease. Was this man cradling me close? Or was that my imagination. He seemed to mutter something into my ear. I could barely make it outâ€¦. It was find Edgar? Or something like that. Edgar is such a unique nameâ€¦ That should be easy to scout out in this village. All of a sudden it was cold, and I was out of reach of the cruel sun. What happened to the sun? Where is that man?

"Cheza, do you want more tea?" a familiar voice questioned.

"Hmm..? Wait. Where is the man?" I feverishly asked.

"You mean the boy who brought you in? He left 2 hours ago. But forget that for now, your health is important. Don't worry about the sheep, I sent Adi over there to tend to them. By golly they are absolutely noisy today. I can hear them from all the way out here!" Miki exclaimed.

How weird. I mean, my sheep were never this unsettled before. That would mean that they have been groaning since early this morning.

"Wait, Mikiâ€¦ Was the boy who brought m inâ€¦ Edgar?" I asked.

"Yes. How did you know that? Are the two of you friends?" she asked.

"Not in the strictest definition, but thanks Miki, I must take my leave now." I responded hazily.

Miki wore a concerned expression as she walked over to the door and opened it for me. After we said our goodbyes I sauntered out into the streets with a renewed vigor. Miki told me that the person who brought me in was a boy, not necessarily a man. Miki refers to newlywed brides or grooms as children, so her description can't be trusted. It felt like this "Edgar" was going to become very important to me for who knows what reason. A sharp pain branched out from the bump on my head, beckoning me to ponder my weakness earlier. I am as strong as an ox. What was happening to me?

3. Chapter 3

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3

Sheep, Meals fit for a king, and Creatures

Muscles sore I coaxed the sheep in for the night. My head was pounding like a festering heart. The sight beyond the door was panoramic. Dishes were laid out with mouthfuls of delicacies I've

only ever heard about. Royalty ate like this. What magnificent creature could have conjured up this feast? Someone was stirring, was is Adi?

"Good heavens Cheza, what kept you?" Adi asked drowsily.

"Nevermind that! Look at this!" I hollered, motioning to the table covered in royal morsels.

"By golly, Did you make this?!" Adi asked in utter disbelief.

"Not me! Then who? Furthermore! How? It would take days to cook these foods not to mention gathering the numerous ingredients." I muttered to myself.

The wind whistled loudly as if it were trying to answer our questions.

Call for the fairies!

"Did you hear that?" I asked frantically.

"What?!" Adi shrieked.

That voice was so nostalgic. It was as if I heard it before, or maybe earlier in the morning! Maybe even before that!

You always called for us in your sleep!

There it was again. Why wasn't Adi hearing this? Did I scry this in one of my numerous dreams? Maybe that was why it was so familiar to me. The groaning of the sheep made its way into my ears, and within the confines of this cacophony, that voice was the silver lining between tranquility and insanity.

Summon us. You are in grave danger and need our assistance.

Closing my eyes and clenching my fists I tried to answer back. When I did, a warm feeling crept up from my legs, and settled into my fists.

_How do I summon you?! _I asked furiously.

"Are you in pain? Come and sit down." Adi asked.

Right as Adi's hand made contact with my own she flinched back.

"Ow!" Adi screamed.

The next thing I knew, Adi was on the ground unconscious, my fists were heating up, and the door was slamming up against the wall.

_To summon us, you must utter this phrase, "Unlock the doors that separate us" _

"Unlock the doors that separate us!" I screamed.

The pain intensified, and the warmth that resided in my hands was

spreading throughout my entire body. My eyes closed instantaneously due to the sudden flashes of light around me. After the flashes subsided, fairies replaced each flash of violent light. I expected a hoard of them, but saw five fairies in the place of my imagined hoard. One of them came forward, smiled and said something in a language I couldn't identify. Mere moments later she was as tall as me and wingless! The other fairies followed suit and soon my house had a total of seven girls; one was unconscious, five were masquerading as humans, and as for the last one, I'm afraid she may not be human.

"We are of another world, or specifically another dimension. The main reason my sisters and I came here today was because your powers are starting to awaken. Your true self has yet to be known." she exclaimed.

"Am I not human?" I asked in disbelief.

"You are of direct descent of the royal family of our realm. Your mother and father were rulers of our world and you were born during a rebellion." She narrated.

4. Chapter 4

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4

Family history, The war, and the Sweet kidnapping

"What rebellion? Was I born in the realm?" I asked with supreme curiosity.

"The Selkies waged war on our realm. Due to the surprise of the attack, your father took your mother and you to his serving man and with him, the two of you escaped. Unfortunately, your father died by the hands of the Selkie king, Darcia Onoh. Now the Selkies are in power of our realm." she responded in anguish.

I tried to find something to say, but not knowing my father all my life left me subject to utter silence. My family was royalty? Even me? How could that even be possible? Who knows? Maybe I am dreaming. I always wake up at parts like these.

"The lunar flowers have been destroyed, thus, putting our faithful wolf guardians to sleep. Without the wolf guardians we have no hope of saving our realm, or even standing a chance against Darcia. Our wolf guardians were our loyal companions. They are our other halves in essence. My wolf guardian, Toboe, is now asleep inside of me with no hopes of coming out. Only a direct Royal can resurrect the Lunar flowers." she stuttered.

"Do I have a wolf guardian?" I asked.

"Yes. Direct royals also have them, and you will meet your wolf guardian only after the lunar flowers are resurrected not to mention after your powers awaken." she exclaimed.

"Before we go any furtherâ€¦ Can you all introduce yourselves to me? My name is Cheza as you all know. I am still in shock as to all of this, so please be patient with meâ€¦" I sputtered nervously.

"My name is Finn; and I am the nurturer whose guardian is Toboe. My sisters are Alyssa; the storm caster whose guardian is Hige, Trillian; the enchanter whose guardian is Blue, Skaia; the time keeper whose guardian is Tsume, and Clasia; the mele carver whose guardian is Kiba. We are fairies who have discovered our true selves. You, being a Royal, have the power to develop Fei powers as well." Finn explained.

"Who are you? Were you confidants of my family?" I asked with increasing curiosity.

Yes. Here's proof. Finn hummed.

Finn chanted a phrase in that beautiful and foreign language again, but this time, there was a bright puff of sparks replaced with satchels that mimicked my own. Their names were embroidered on them beautifully, and made me pick up my own and hug it to my chest. Alyssa put her arms around me, beckoning a tear to roll down my cheek.

"Did mother make these?" I asked quietly.

"Yes Cheza." Alyssa coaxed.

"How will I defeat Darcia if I don't have my powers yet? I meanâ€¦ I need to train to make them stronger, and make myself stronger for this to be a success right? Will the fairies fight alongside me and accept me?" I questioned.

Alyssa's grip around me tightened almost as if to reassure me.

"Your powers are awakening as we speak Cheza. Don't get yourself down. The fairies have been waiting for their rightful leader to awaken. They have been protecting you since the beginning. Your sheep are not ordinary sheep dearest. They are in fact the fairies of the realm who survived." Alyssa muttered.

"Chezaâ€¦ You are the last remaining Royal due to the fact that Darcia assassinated your entire family in order to ascend the throne. Celeste, a prophetic fairy, said that the Royals will regain control only through hardships, meaning, you have a chance to turn the tables and reclaim our homeland." Skaia added.

"Furthermore, you have us to protect you." Trillian whispered into my ear.

"Cheza, you look pale, are you alright?" Clasia interrupted.

"I think I am perfectly fiughh!" I screamed in anguish.

"Finn! Heal her!" Alyssa hollered.

"It is no use Alyssa! Her powers are awakening, and because of that, my healing magic will have no effect on her. Finn muttered despondently.

There was a flash of black. It reminded me of that man's jet black hair. His name wasâ€|Edâ€|Edgar! Before I knew it, the pain was replaced with a pleasant wind feathering my face along with protective arms cradling me close. If I didn't know better I'd say I was in Edgar's arms flying through the skiesâ€|

Chezaâ€| Wake upâ€| Cheza!

Edgar? I asked sleepily.

My mind traveled back to the scene which lay outside Miki's tavern.

"Edgarâ€|" I muttered softly.

"Chezaâ€|" Edgar answered reassuringlyâ€|

And with just one word I was lulled to sleep. Immediately after falling asleep, this warmth flowed through me, and of course, I knew that it was not of this world.

5. Chapter 5

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5

Edgar the Earl, The Awakening, and Celeste

"Cheza! Wake upâ€| You must eat. Awakening requires large amounts of energy, especially for Royals." a male voice exclaimed.

"Hmmâ€|? Edgar? Why did you come out of nowhere and take me away from my house?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Your subconscious was screaming with such profuse pain that I had to intervene. That was also the reason why Finn, Alyssa, Skaia, Klasia, and Trillian came to aid you." Edgar coaxed.

"Oh Cheza! There is so much for you to learn when your powers awaken. Hehe, lesson number one will be controlling your subconscious!" Alyssa giggled.

We all erupted with laughter, and truth be told, I knew that the seven of us would have plenty of chortles in the near future.

"Oh dear! What of Adi?!" I hollered.

"I took her home and rewound time for her. She won't remember what transpired, so don't worry. Finn even healed her burns." Skaia reassured.

Oh my. Those burnsâ€| Even though they were healed, they won't ever be erased from my memory. Finn's hand clasped my own, reassuring me with ease.

"Don't feel at fault Cheza. Your powers will help you protect the people you care about." Finn sung.

"What are we doing at Edgar's house?" I asked to no one in particular.

"See, during your awakening your body will give out at times, so it would be for the best if you stay here and rest without being completely defenseless." Trillian responded.

"Come on. Introduce yourself!" Clasia squealed, nudging Edgar.

"I am Edgar; Earl of the realm. My parents are your parents were friends. Here is proof of my loyalty." Edgar announced.

Taking out his very own satchel, he placed it into my hands. It felt like my own, and brought fond memories of mother up to the top layer of all of my memories.

"Cheza if you ever want to know if a member of the realm, is a confidant of your family then request them to show proof of loyalty." Edgar continued.

"Your mother was so benevolent. She made satchels so as to outline your connections and your trustees for you." Finn added.

"Here Edgar. Your satchel is beautiful." I remarked with a smile.

"My mother must have loved me so much. Even my father who died protecting me. But there is a mystery that I must clear. How did my mother die?" I asked with utmost need.

"Your parents loved you so much Cheza. Your father died by Darcia's hand, but your mother had a more complicated death." Trillian started.

"It all started with the Selkies looking for you, and getting closer to where you were hiding. They had to kill the only one who could resurrect the wolf guardians. Your mother had to convert you into a human with no memories of the realm so that you couldn't be tracked using thought waves unique to fairies. Selkies can't track a fairy who has gone off the thought wave medium. Your powers are starting to surface, which is why you can communicate telepathically now." Finn added.

"Your mom gave you insurance so that you could have as normal a childhood as possible and the cost was death. She paid with her life, knowing that Miki, Adi, and all of the citizens of the realm would protect you." Alyssa confessed.

"All the fairies of the realm have been with you since the very beginning, protecting you." Edgar added.

While the Selkies will be able to track you whenever you use telepathy, we can act as a shield. The fact is that we will all need to stick together to protect you while you learn how to control your powers. The Selkies can't sense fairies who take on an animate form, so we will all masquerade as humans or animals for the time being. While you are training, you will need to be in your true form so we

will need to accompany you everywhere so as to make you invisible." Clasia announced.

"You are as right as the wind Clasia!" Trillian agreed.

"Thank you. All of you. What would I do without you?!" I squealed.

I grabbed everyone into a group hug, and with that we all bonded.

"Think about it Cheza. You are royalty! You will be able to meet realm fairies, Earls., and many more fairies soon!" Trillian cheered.

Finn put her hand on my forehead, and the other on hers.

"Oh my. Cheza you are burning up. Get back into bed ok? Trillian, Clasia, and Alyssa set up a shield!" Finn ordered.

"Close your eyes Cheza. Don't worry. I'm right here. I have and will always protect you." Edgar hushed.

With a sense of love and security I left behind as a child, I closed my eyes, and fell prey to the sound of Edgar's breathing and his comforting scent.

Chezaâ€¦| It is I; Celestge. Open your eyes child, and come with meâ€¦| hushed a beautifully melodic voice.

Opening my eyes I was face to face with the most beautiful fairy I had ever seen. Her silky golden hair was braided back with flowers peeking out. Her dress that mimicked the sea fluttered as her arms reached out to me, and embraced me. Tears that I didn't notice forming fell. I knew her. She was the one woman I could call mother. The one that I knew dearly.

Mikiâ€¦| It's youâ€¦| Is your real name Celeste? I asked.

Memories of her surfaced among the tears that never seemed to stop. Miki was always watching over me. To think that she knew of my prophecy, and was always protecting me, added more color to our boundless memories.

End
file.